THE WORLD.

NUMBER CIX.

By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *January* the 30th, 1755.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

A LONDON gentleman and his lady, who are diſtant relations, as well as old acquaintance, did my wife and me the favour to ſpend ſome days with us laſt ſummer in the country. We took the uſual methods to make their time paſs agreeably; carried them to all the Gothic and Chineſe houſes in the neighbourhood; and embraced all opportunities of procuring veniſon, fiſh and game for them: which laſt, by the way, it has been no eaſy matter to come in for ſince the aſſociation.

AT

At their leaving us, they were ſo obliging as to ſay, their viſit had gone off very pleaſantly, and hoped we would return it, by coming to ſee them in town. Accordingly, the mornings growing foggy, the evenings long, and this invitation running in our heads, we reſolved to accept it: and arriving in town about the middle of November laſt, we fixed ourſelves in lodgings near our friends, intending to breakfaſt, dine and ſup with them, for the moſt part, during our ſtay in town. But will you believe me, Mr. Fitz-Adam? we never were more ſurprized in all our lives, than at receiving a card the morning after our arrival (which I think was the 18th of November) from the lady of the family we came to viſit, inviting us to play at cards with her on the 28th of next March. We thought at firſt that it muſt be a miſtake for the 28th of November; but upon conſulting our landlady, ſhe informed us that ſuch invitations were very uſual, and that, as we were well acquainted with the family, the lady had probably appointed the firſt day ſhe was diſengaged.

As my wife and I ſeldom play at cards, except at Chriſtmas, we thought it ſcarce worth our while to wait for a game till almoſt Whitſuntide, and therefore very prudently ſet out the next day for the country; from whence I believe we ſhall be in no great haſte to pay a ſecond viſit to our friends in town.

I am,

SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

HUMPHRY GUBBINS.

MR. FITZ-ADAM,

I LIVE ſo much in the world, and ſo entirely for the world, that the very name of your paper ſecured me for

for one of your conſtant readers. But really if your periodical WORLD continues to contradict the *beau monde* as much as it has done in two or three eſſays relating to us women, I ſhall think your ſentiments fitter for the man of the MOON, than the man of the WORLD.

A LITTLE while ago you were pleaſed to be extremely out of humour at the nakedneſs of our necks; and now in your paper No. 105, you are equally offended at our covering our faces. What a capricious man you are! I apprehend, ſir, that a certain quantity of nakedneſs has always been allowed us; and I know of no law that confines it to any particular part of our perſons. If therefore we chuſe to ſtucco over our faces, you ought in reaſon to allow us to exhibit a little more of our necks and ſhoulders.

HER ſagacious majeſty, queen Elizabeth, conſcious of a bad complexion, and fearing that a brown neck, though right royal, might excite leſs admiration than the undignified alabaſter of the meaneſt of her ſubjects, choſe that they ſhould conceal what herſelf could not equal under innumerable folds of lawn and point: a piece of envious cruelty, which, notwithſtanding your ſex have been pleaſed to celebrate her as the guardian of Engliſh liberty, muſt make her appear to ours little better than a tyrant, for having impriſoned ſo much Britiſh beauty in a dungeon, where not the ſmalleſt ſpark of light could break in upon any part of it. The face indeed was ſtill left viſible by that envious queen, which is at preſent almoſt the only part of our attractions that we have thought proper to cover. You ought therefore to conſider, when you find fault with our open necks, that our faces are plaiſtered over; and inſtead

ſtead of complaints againſt our covered faces, you ſhould reſt ſatisfied with the ample amends we make you by our other diſcoveries. I am,

SIR,

Your true friend,
and faithful counſellor,

FARDILLA.

SIR,

I HAVE with great ſerioufneſs and attention read over your WORLD of the 2d. of this month, which ſhews me my complexion in ſo very different a light from that in which my looking-glaſs has repreſented it, that I ſhould inſtantly lay aſide the roſes and lillies I have purchaſed, and content myſelf with the ſkin wherewith nature has thought fit to cover me, if it was not for a very material conſideration. The truth is, that I am to be married in a few days to a gentleman, whoſe fortune is above any hopes I could have conceived, while in my natural ſallowneſs; and who I find has been principally attracted by the ſplendor of my complexion. But you may depend on my reſigning it all after the firſt month of my marriage. You cannot ſurely, Mr. Fitz-Adam, be ſo cruel as to deny a bride the happineſs of the honey-moon: by that time, perhaps, my huſband may be pretty indifferent whether I am brown or fair: if not, a change of complexion is no cauſe for a divorce, either by the ancient cannons, or the late marriage act; ſo you know, ſir, his approbation is of no great conſequence to

Your conſtant reader,

MYRTILLA.

SIR,

To perſuade your ſex that black is white, has been the darling wiſh and conſtant endeavour of ours: but

we

we have never ſucceeded literally in this art, till we knew how to paint ourſelves: I am therefore as much ſurprized that a man of your ſenſe ſhould expect to make us give up ſo deſirable a power, as that you ſhould wiſh to do it.

HAVE not your ſex in all ages, both in proſe and verſe, lamented the ſhort duration of the lillies and roſes that bloom on a fair ſkin? I have ſeen it ſet forth in ſuch affecting ſtrains, as have drawn tears from me when a girl of eighteen, from having felt it with all the bitterneſs of prophetic ſadneſs. Can there be a nobler invention than this, which ſubſtitutes ſo durable a bloom in the place of thoſe tranſient colours, which fade almoſt as faſt as the flowers to which they are compared? This eternal ſpring of beauty is ſurely the peculiar bleſſing of the preſent age. A man might now reflect without terror on an anti deluvian marriage, ſince his wife after five or ſix hundred years of wedlock, might be as blooming as on her bridal day. Time is the greateſt enemy to the pleaſures of us mortals: how glorious then is the victory, when we can baffle him in a point in which he has hitherto exerted his moſt cruel tyranny!

I SUPPOSE your next attack will be upon the new luſtre that our necks have acquired by the ſame art; an improvement which cannot, in my humble opinion, be too much admired. I remember when women with the whiteſt necks had ſuch an odious clearneſs in their ſkins, that you might almoſt ſee the blood circulate through their veins; an amuſing ſpectacle indeed for a philoſopher, and ſuch perhaps as might give doctor Harvey the firſt hint of the diſcoveries he afterwards made: but ſurely it could be no very agreeable ſight to a perſon of any delicacy, when compared with the preſent reſplendent